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HENNELLYWARC.
OR
THE DRUIDS' TEMPLE.



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The Grand Temple near the
well, looking up the distance

HENLLYWARC;

OR,

“THE DRUIDS’ TEMPLE,”

NEAR KESWICK:

A Poem.

BY THE REV. GEORGE NEWBY,

INCUMBENT OF BORROWDALE,

AUTHOR OF “PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY.”

“I HAVE CHOSEN THE WAY OF TRUTH.”—Ps. cxix. 30.


“THE ENTRANCE OF THY WORD GIVETH LIGHT.”—Ps. cxix. 130.

“WHICH THINGS ARE AN ALLEGORY.”—Gal. iv. 24.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

KESWICK: JAMES IVISON.

—
1854.



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TO THE
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THIS POEM

IS

RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THE OBLIGED

AUTHOR.

BORROWDALE PARSONAGE,
AUG. 23, 1854.

31722

ERRATA.

Page 16.—For “insatiable” read “insatiate.”

— 59, Notes.—For “minisantem” read “ministrantem.”

————— For “superstition atqueibus” read “religionibus.
Atque.”

— 60, Notes.—For “publicique” read “publicèque.”

————— For “hestiis” read “hostiis.”

————— For “Fontero” read “Fonteio.”

HENLLYWARC :

OR,

“THE DRUIDS’ TEMPLE,”

NEAR KESWICK.

HENLLYWARC’S LAMENT.

Once happy HENLLYWARC ! how are thy days
Chang’d into bitterness ! Time was, thy heart,
Amid these beauteous scenes, itself could raise
To contemplate the charms they did impart :
Thine eyes could gaze on Nature’s smiling face ;
Till, kindling at the sight,
And wrapt in mute delight,
No earthly sorrows in thy breast had place ;

Now, like a blasted oak, the suns of spring
No more for thee their all-reviving influence bring.

II.

Scorn'd Outcast !—whither shall I turn my feet—

The land where erst I *ruled*—O barb'rous deed—
Did cast me off to hunger, cold, and heat—

Where—where can fallen Majesty be freed
From its unutterable woes ?—O Death !

Thy hand alone can bring

Rest to a fallen king,

Whom Priestly Zeal pursues with ranc'rous breath ;
And Rebel Pride, exulting o'er his state,
A price sets on his head, and hunts with deathless hate !

III.

My slaughtered BERTHA ! had they but spared thee—

Thy gentle blood, that dyed th' accursed knife,
And poured its gushing stream for love to me,

Warm in thy heart would still have sweetened life,
And made its matchless ills endurable :
 With thee my aching breast
 Had fondly dreamed of rest,
And hushed those griefs it felt incurable ;
And holy demons, with their hellish train,
Upon my fated head their rage had spent in vain.

IV.

Thou Moon, now gently smiling o'er these hills,
And traversing in peace their lonely sky ;
Till thy mild light each deep-sunk valley fills,
And all their giant shadows, shrinking, fly ;
Oft hast thou witnessed our endearing talk,
 At evening's sober hour,
 On terrace, or in bower,
Or where we took our solitary walk ;
When time had wreathed upon the net of love
The fruits of sympathy from Hymen's sacred grove.

V.

With her to cheer I could forget to weep ;
 Could deem this crook a sceptre in my hands ;
See, as of old, my people in these sheep,
 And these bleak mountains call my royal lands—
But, ah ! my sorrows reach no human ear—
 And thou alone, pale Moon !
 High in thy midnight noon,
Mayst hear my sighs, and see my lonely tear :
O sweet Society !—to thy glad sound,
In ev'ry human breast what harmony is found !¹

VI.

Oh ! why is man thus mocked with happiness !
 When his tired heart has found a resting-place,
And all on earth, that Heav'n can give to bless,
 Stands a fair fabric on securest base—
Ev'n ere he can survey the pleasing scene—
 'Tis gone—for ever fled !
 And leaves but, in its stead,

A heart more lorn than if it ne'er had been !

O mystery ! deep-veiled from mortal eye,

That man is born to *seek* for happiness—and die !

VII.

O tyrant Priesthood ! despots of this land ;

Wielding the terrors of both heav'n and hell ;

Long have we crouched beneath your heavy hand,

And been the victims of your “ magic spell ;”²

Our rising thoughts long have ye sought to quell ;

Nor have we dared inquire

Whence came the “ holy fire,”

That through your mirrors on the altar fell—

But soon Rome's Eagle, in her wid'ning flight,

Shall cast his dark'ning shadow o'er your spurious
light.

VIII.

And I have heard the shepherds talk of one,

Of aspect mild, and venerable age ;

In whose clear eye the light of Wisdom shone,
 Betok'ning plain the heav'n-instructed Sage ;
 Who lately journey'd through these lonely parts,
 With purpose most benign,
 Benevolent, divine—
 To heal, not to afflict, our wounded hearts—
 O, that I might meet with the holy man,
 And from him learn Life's profound mystery to scan !

SITE OF THE TEMPLE.

By sunny Chesnut-hill's retired abode,
 From Keswick leads "the ancient Penrith road ;"
 Nigh where from Greta's level bank it bends,
 And, in a course circuitous, ascends—
 As, now, it leaves the snug retreat of One
 Whose is that rarest praise, "more loved, more known"—
 Along a smooth-topp'd Mound, lying mid-way,
 Where Nature's works stupendous scenes display !
 Mountains on mountains piled, on all sides round,
 Of nameless forms, the solemn prospect bound :

Save where their southern slope a glimpse allows
Of the fair Thwaites nestling beneath their brows,
Clad in rich green, as if by magic hand,
Like glad oases in a desert land :
And where there peeps yon aged Tow'r which tells
Of that blest sound, the Church's pealing bells ;
Calling the soul, with earthly trials worn,
To plume her wings, at least each Sabbath-morn,
And soar above the world ; and take her rest,
In hope, among the mansions of the blest ;
By faith, in God's own Temple, seek His grace,
Where Heav'n's vast love to Earth's rebellious race,
Through all the changeful scenes the Land has known,
To countless generations has been shown ;
Its solemn grandeur, now, more than restored,
For future times, by Lairthwaite's gen'rous lord ;
Whose many good deeds need no human praise—
Their fruits will spread beyond Earth's latest days.

Here Keswick, too, beneath the mountain-brow
Sits Queen of Lakes-land ; happy, if she know,

Her many privileges how to prize—
What wond'rous scenery around her lies !
How beauteous—how sublime—how simply grand !
With what hath *not* kind Nature bless'd her land,
To move the soul's deep pathos may avail,
Of rough and smooth, wood, water, hill and dale,
In contrast endless, or, harmonious, placed,
Still in undying freshness to be traced !
Let those, in search of health or pleasure, say,
Who, to these scenes, their annual homage pay !

And, more than all, her gratitude she owes
For bounty, every means of good, bestows ;
For schools, the infant, youthful mind to train ;
For aids to all, who knowledge would obtain ;
And, lastly, see yon other, tap'ring spire,
To guide to heav'n the soul's long last desire,
And all its precincts round—as ages roll,
Memorials lasting of “ the lib'ral soul ”—
Whence, from the dead's last resting-place, I ween,
As issue forth her hosts with night's pale Queen,

A beauteous, tranquillizing, solemn scene
Spreads out, to faith's deep-penetrating eye,
Might seem fair emblem of the realms on high.

Like Ocean's foaming waves, tossed to the skies,—
Nor far away—in chastened prospect rise,
From the dim haze, envelops thick their base,
The sun-lit tops of giant Scawfell's race ;
His own o'er-tow'ring summit hid from sight
By nearer Walla Crag's steep wood-clad height ;
As Cast'rigg, eastward, spreads his abrupt rocks,
The roving eye with double barrier mocks—
Where Wythburn's cliffs the southern tempest brave,
And lonely Thirlmere curls his low dark wave,—
And throws it back on Nathdale's close retreat :
Like as the well-named Rigg aspires to meet
“ Mighty Helvellyn's ” Elephantine side,
And from its gaze St. John's “ deep valley ” hide,
Save as it widens o'er the open space,
Here stretching north to Mell-fell's conic base ;

And, on the west, his verdant meadows meet
Snug Threlkeld, issuing from the mountains' feet ;
Where, o'er the vale, Helvellyn's low'ring range
Famed Saddleback confronts—with aspect strange—
His deep-worn chasms betok'ning, yet afar,
The oft-braved rage of elemental war ;
Where broad-spread Lattrig bathes his wooded feet,
As Greta's stream steals through his dark retreat ;
And Skiddaw, stretching down with gentle slope,
In easy access to his lofty top,
Majestic tow'rs o'er Crosthwaite's fertile vale,
And peaceful Mirehouse—happy, there, and hale,
That long may live the “ true friend ” of his kind,
Is but the echo of each honest mind.

THE TEMPLE.

Here, in the midst of these huge mountain-piles,
Like massive columns round its deep-drawn aisles,
'Neath the high dome of heav'n's contracted span—
Amazing vestige of the hand of man !—

A Druids' Temple stands :—Stones of vast size,
In order ranged, and pointing to the skies,
Still mark the spot whereon our British Sires,
In days long past, lit up their sacred fires :—
Planned, haply, by wise OVATES, whose deep lore³
Had taught them Nature's mysteries to explore ;
Its curve elliptical designed to trace
The bounds of vision in the realms of space ;
Its central altar, the great “orb of day ;”
Earth and the Planets, altars placed midway.⁴

Thus stood their Temple—and still partly stands—
Not then, as now, amid bare treeless lands ;
The “sacred oak,” in groves or single, there⁵
Its branches spread for sacrifice and pray'r ;
While round the stately stem did closely twine
The creeping branches of the misseldine ;⁶
Sure cure for some, for other ills relief,
If but worn round the neck by strong belief.

What time colossal Rome had stretched her hand,
In deeds of blood, o'er MONA's holy land ;⁷
Hither, may be, did Britain's tribes resort,
When holy Druids held their wonted court—
Quitting their “ forests' wild recesses,” where,
“ Living on herbs,” they knowledge sought and pray'r,
To teach grave *Triads*, “ in the face of day ;”⁸
And laws promulge but few dared disobey ;⁹
To bless the victims on the altars slain ;
Prognostics of religious rites explain ;
Reveal to their disciples, more and more,
The secrets of their own *unwritten* lore ;
And, ah !—sad truth for those beneath their thrall—
To judge the fortunes and the lives of all ;
With fiat absolute to fix the fate
Of man and woman, infant, prince, and state !
And wo to him resists the stern decree—
A life of death, a death of misery :
From social ties, in life, a castaway ;

Accursed, and doomed to herd with beasts of prey ;
No house may hide ; no hand relieve ; the direful ban
All aid forbids, all intercourse with man !
Nor yet does death, that last fond dream of rest,
To weary souls and hopelessly opprest,
A refuge yield from holy Druids' curse ;
The soul *exchanges* only bad for worse,
Doomed through all grades of *brutish* life to go,
In a revolving course of shame and wo !

Sad superstition, and more cruel far
Than crushed the wretch 'neath Juggernath's huge car ;¹⁰
Or did those hellish images contrive,
Whole hecatombs of men to burn alive !
In these sustaining hope might haply rise,
Of blessings purchased with their sacrifice,
Or ransom from some curse, impending near
Their country or the friends they held most dear ;
Glimpse from the light of ancient prophecy
That thus would die Incarnate Deity,
By priestly sentence on the altar slain,
For mortal men immortal life to gain.

SYMPATHY.

Are there, whose hearts have ever felt the grief,
Dries up the fountain of its own relief;
Stands like a statue o'er its death-bound friend,
As if the world had paused, or seen its end!
Its ev'ry aspect changed: the sun's bright rays,
Cheerless and full of gloom, as the dark days
Of sad November; and fair Nature's face,
So lovely once, deformed and without grace;
Her tow'ring mountains, with their vales below—
Her infinite variety of show,
Of winding rivers, hanging rocks, broad lakes,
And green woods of all shades—whatever wakes
Th' enraptured soul to keen sense of delight—
In one dark blot hid from the pointless sight!

Oh! then it is man's soul needs sympathy—¹¹
For such a season, more than all, died HE,
Who made man thus; with dispensation wise,
Implanted those unseverable ties
That bind him to his kind, whereby each keeps
His hold on all attuned to him who weeps.

Say ye—what anguish preys upon that heart,
Sill heaving with life's eddies, forced to part
From all it prized ; its deepest feelings torn
Up by the root ; of all compassions shorn ;
Foredoomed to feed its woes, in some lone den,
A loathsome outcast from the haunts of men !

Yet thus was HENLLYWARC : o'er Cumbria's hills,
In Summer's heats and Winter's bitter ills,
Through ten long years his fate had been to roam—
His food the acorn, and the cave his home—
Ere time the Druids' curse dared to despise,
And lead him to his kind, though in disguise.

I.

How is it thou dost nurse, Land of the Free !

The independent spirit of thy sons ?

How, that the heavy hand of tyranny,

Palsied and weak, their fierce encounter shuns ?

Is it because thy nerving mountain air,

The pure free breath of heav'n, their souls inspires

With firm resolve all danger's ills to share,
And warms their blood with Freedom's hallowed
fires?

How is it, CUMBRIA, Land of the Free,
Thy neck was never bowed in slavery ?

II.

While yet wild beasts thy native forests owned,
“ Gigantic leigh, and wolf, wild bull, and boar ; ”
And in thy valleys silence reigned profound,
Save where *their* savage howl, or thunder's roar,
Or foaming flood, wild wind, hoarse raven's croak,
The flapping eagle from his eyry steep,
Or victim's death-cry from the hawk's sharp stroke,—
Aroused thy echoes from primeval sleep ;
Then o'er thy hills and dales, Land of the Free,
The Celtic race first roved in liberty.

III.

And when her iron grasp, insatiable Rome
Laid on their brethren of the lower plains ;¹²

And when, again, the Saxon spoiled their home,
And bound them fast in slav'ry's galling chains ;
And, once again, when Saxon bowed to Dane,
And both to Norman ; they who *would* be free,
And dared their birthright's privilege maintain,
Sought death—or sought to share thy liberty
At last, incorporate, but not subdued,
Free thou hast been, from thy first solitude !

IV.

And shame on all that bear the hallowed name,—
Layman and priest,— who would the land betray ;
On trait'rous priest be more than double shame,
If such there be at this enlightened day ;—
Would o'er her cast the snares of Rome's false god,
And, with the throne, she loves now and reveres,
Would bow her down beneath the palsied nod
Of an Italian priest—but have no fears—
Tell his base satellites, thy sons to thee
Will faithful be and true, Land of the Free !

V.

Yea, ev'n the Druid, whose resistless hand
 'Neath so despotic rule his country held,
A *foreign* yoke could stedfastly withstand,
 And dare to die ; but knew not how to yield ;
Nor could proud Rome the free-born Britons bend,—
 So valiantly her conquering arms withstood,
Till, as an off'ring for his country's good,
She sternly saw the Druid's tragic end ;
 Bathed her fierce talons in his holy blood ;
And MONA'S Isle, in her revengeful ire,
Twice she had swept with desolating fire. ¹³

VI.

Yea, even HENLLYWARC his country loved,
 By ban of Druids from her bosom cast ;
Wand'ring o'er her wild hills, his heart still moved
 With thoughts of her, close-clinging to the last :—
At dead of night he sought this hallowed spot,
 For safety trusting to his shepherd guise,

To dwell on scenes long past, but not forgot ;
And, as by Fancy here entranced he lies,
Of one sad day the vivid phantoms seem
To rise before him in a restless dream.

HENLLYWARC'S DREAM.

The tents he sees spread on the mountain-sides,
Where, with his train, each fellow-chieftain 'bides ;
Pitched from the groups on north and south and west,
He notes, conspicuous over all the rest,
Hard by the Sanctum* of the Great Arch-Priest,
CADWALLA'S banner waving on the east.
Of all the chiefs he was the first in pow'r, ¹⁴
In council and in war—he was, moreo'er,
The Druids' reckless champion, eager still
To work out with blind zeal their holy will.
Not ev'n Rome's Harlot, in her proudest day,
A more devoted soul bowed to her sway.

Within his tent the summoned chiefs now wait,
To hear how Druids scan the will of Fate :

* *Wordsworth's Guide*, p. 39, Note.

“ Brave Chieftains of the West ! full well ye know
“ Of MONA’S Isle the misery and wo !
“ Her sacred oaks destroyed, her Druids dead,
“ Or hither, for precarious safety, fled !
“ And ah !—with grief I speak—the foe can boast
“ Of Britons ranked in her victorious host,
“ All ties disrupting, and the hallowed name
“ They bear thus branding with undying shame !
“ Pitied, if by force, but, if enrolled from choice,
“ *Do not all deem them cursed, with one voice ?*

“ Yet fear I there are some, ev’n in this place,
“ For love of pow’r, would thus our name disgrace—
“ False Celts !—fit but to die in sacrifice
“ To that all-seeing GOD, rules o’er the skies—
“ If so, may be, ’mid these dark days of fear,
“ Bright Hope’s glad rays our drooping hearts may cheer ;
“ If so, the rebel eastern tribes, awhile,
“ May call PAULINUS from our holy Isle.¹⁵

“ This night our faithful Bards close vigils keep,
“ Pore o’er the blood of slaughtered goat or sheep,

" Seeking the light of TRUTH, their minds to guide,
 " That with unfalt'ring voice they may decide
 " On whom the guilt doth lie :—and when the Sun
 " Has, on the morrow, climbed the height of noon,
 " The victim dies ; and wo, all wo on all,¹⁶
 " Who with glad heart respond not to their call."

SUPERSTITION.

Ye versed in man's mysterious mind, explain
 How Superstition rises, with its dismal train ;
 In what dark depths it strikes its spreading roots—
 Its branches teeming with pestiferous fruits !

Say, are its risings where the soul reveals
 Its untold thoughts, and native kindred feels
 With the veiled world of spirits ; where it meets,—
 Oft ranging, restless, through these deep retreats—
 God's great Vicegerent armed with stings, foreshew
 The bitter gnawings of eternal wo ?

In these drear regions, when the soul, enthralled
 And lost in Guilt's dark mazes, sinks appalled,

Doth Superstition spring ; and fell¹ Despair,
From the black fruits, its opiates prepare ?
And, like the madd'ning fever of disease,
Most eagerly the most pernicious seize ?
Or, like the slave that licks his tyrant's rod,
Seek, with base gifts, to *bribe its fretful god* ?

Is fear a stronger element than love ?
Does fancy work where reason fails to move ?
Or why to Hell's false glare more rev'rence giv'n
Than to the mild, pure light, vouchsafed from Heav'n ?
Why *Lies*, with overwhelming awe, received ?
And *Truth* but half-obeyed, or disbelieved ?

What numbers, whose progenitors bowed down
Beneath the Druids' yoke, abject, disown
The free, just service of the Church of God,
His love depise, and scorn His gentle rod ;
His holy temples shun, perhaps profane,
And the pure worship of the soul disdain !
Say why is this—that Truth's pure light should fail
Whilst Superstition's lurid flames prevail ?

Does human nature change ?—Geologists
 Deny these solid mountains' mass resists
 TIME's ceaseless workings—but, as ages roll,
 New substance, unperceived, grows through the whole.
 And do successive generations find
 Like change of *principles* among mankind ?
 Or needs there, still, a borrowed aid to move
 The common inert mass of mind, above—
 At least besides—the chaste and simple dress,
 Wherein calm reason seeks Truth's loveliness ?
 The lightning's vivid flash, the thunder's roar,
 And omens, spectres, dreams—all *Portent's* lore—
 The “ Stygian darkness,” yawning gates of hell,
 The lost soul shake ; while vainly you may tell
 Of that stupendous boon, to mortals given,
 GOD'S Son Incarnate from the realms of Heav'n ?

Say, is it thus that “ Babylon the Great”
 Still reigns sole Arbitress of Ireland's fate ?
 In her false prodigies, her pompous rites,

Her penances, her mass, her gorgeous sights—
“All her abominations”—may we trace
The Druids’ influence o’er the Celtic race?

THE CHURCH.

There are within the Church again have sought
Her long-discarded robes, to deck her out
With those false arts and meretricious wares,
Once lured mankind and kept them in her snares :
There are, her own chaste garb would rudely tear,
With these, away—severely strip her bare,
And leave her, unlike all God’s gifts to man,
A work of chance, an end without a plan.
Is not her spirit marred, when *Party* deems,
Her pow’r is *centred* in its own *extremes* ?
Shall we deny that pure Religion *can*,
In faith, “bow down a Nation as one man?”
No—see, through Mammon’s foldings gleams the light,
Marks her triumphant in her own meek might !

Yon glorious Orb breaks o'er Helvellyn's height,
And gilds the mountains with its rising light—
The dew drops chasing down their sides away,
The rolling mists dissolving into day—
As on the morn when HENLLYWARC arose
From troublous sleep, as now, without repose ;
Gazed on the features of this self-same scene ;
And with foreboding sad thus spoke his queen :—

“ My dearest BERTHA ! never did my heart
“ So shrink with fear its feelings to impart—
“ Through the long restless night, with fev'rish pain
“ CADWALLA's words have preyed upon my brain ;
“ And ere yon mounting Orb go round the skies,
“ To us, I feel, some evil will arise !
“ O cursed day ! if, as I seemed to see,
“ Thy Father's name should bring revenge on thee ! ”

“ My dearest HENLLYWARC ! thy fears repress—
“ 'Tis folly to anticipate distress,”
Replied fair BERTHA, “ and this abject grief
“ But ill becomes great CYMRY's valiant chief.

“ Much I mistrust these rites, rememb’ring well,
“ What I have heard my Father’s Druid tell ¹⁷
“ Of some great Sage, whose wisdom had decried
“ Our gods, as false, and soon to be destroyed
“ By a mysterious Person, seen on earth,
“ Man’s great Creator, though of human birth !
“ Submit we, yet, with meekness, to their voice ;
“ The virtuous heart, in all things, may rejoice.
“ But hark ! the horns announce the sacred choir—¹⁸
“ The oxen drag the culprits to the fire,
“ In their large ‘ ozier-gods’—soon shall we know, ¹⁹
“ *Whose blood these holy men design to flow.*”

CHARITY.

Great God ! Maker of men ! Supreme o’er all !
Before Thy throne, O let me prostrate fall ;
Not with presumptuous spirit, but in shame,
Dare ask why mortals do blaspheme Thy name ;
Oppress their kind ; their own fell malice sate,
Their pride, their interest, or revengeful hate ;

And of Thy will and sacred mandate tell :
Till Heaven *appears* to do the deeds of Hell !

Sad proof how deeply fallen is our race ;
How Thine own image Satan's wiles deface ;
And "sons of darkness," like their "Prince," would be
"Angels of light;" and *curse* men, as from Thee !

O CHRIST ! Saviour of Men ! who *died* for all !
Before Thy mercy-seat, O let me fall,
In shame unutterable, when I dwell
Upon that boundless love, no tongue can tell,
Drew Thee from realms of light, in lowliness,
Our fallen race to save, and guide, and bless ;
And see, meanwhile, dire Persecution's flame
Lit up and fanned with zeal for Thy Blessed Name ;
Till faith is well-nigh staggered, and 'twould seem
Thy love was meant to *damn*, and *not redeem* !

If in my heart one latent spark have place
Of such a spirit—quench it with Thy grace :
Forbid my heart's chords, rather, to vibrate
Than beat concordant with religious hate ;

Give me Thine own blest spirit, and, in Thee,
Teach me to live with men in CHARITY.

OPENING OF THE GORSEDD.

Now all around a busy scene presents,
Th' assembled thousands come forth from their tents ;
Nor rush tumultuous ; but, with slow pace,
Each, in due order, takes his destined place ;
Religious dread defends the holy ground,
Nor is, of all, one bold intruder found ;
At rev'rent distance ranged around, they wait
To hear and do the Will Revealed of Fate.
Bards a sheathed sword placed—with bare heads and
feet—²⁰

Upon the central stone ; in language meet
Addressed the crowd ; and, twice, defiance hurled,—
“ We will maintain the TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD.”

Then, to the solemn harp's melodious sound
The mountains' slumb'ring echoes wake around ;
As, marching in procession slow, are seen,

Arrayed in robes of blue, and white, and green,
 Bards, Druids, Ovates ; with a train behind,
 In garments striped with colours of each kind.
 Round by the stones, the sacred ground defend,
 Three times their course with measured steps they bend ;
 While, to the harp's deep notes, their solemn song
 Floats far away throughout the countless throng.

HYMN OF BARDS, &c.

(Chief Bard) O thou great Source of Light !²¹
 Climbing to thy midday height,
 To mortal eye Earth's hidden parts revealing ;
 Of life and heat, sole Spring !
 Thy praises as I sing,
 Dispel the shades my secret guilt concealing ;
 Descend, on this most holy day,
 To guide and warm my heart in TRUTH's unerring way.

II.

(Choir) My Crescent wanes, to be renewed no more !
 Ah me !—my fading glories I deplore

In bitterness of grief ;
My heavy heart is sunk in sorrow's deep,
Nor hath my waking eye yet learned to weep
The sad tear of relief.

Time was, my noble oak
His goodly branches spread
Wide o'er the Land, from sea to sea ;
No spoiler's with'ring stroke
Fell on its tow'ring head,
With evil 'boding unto me.

The brave and potent lay beneath its shade,
And, like the *misletoe*, my holy aid
They clung to for support ;
The waving foliage seemed to kiss the sky,
The shading branches, spreading far and nigh,
Were CYMRY'S sole resort.
Ah ! in the East I found
Stern Ruin's blast howl long,

And then my fairest boughs did break ;
Now heavier falls the wound,
And these wild rocks among
My strongest roots do shake,

III.

(*Chief Bard*) Glorious orb of day !
We sacrifice and pray
To Thee supreme, thrice moving round Thy altar ;
O'er the victim as I stood,
Gazing on the streaming blood ;
So now my bosom's throbbings let not falter—
Let me behold, unmoved with ruth,
The heart's pure blood, Thou deign'st a sacrifice to
TRUTH!

IV.

(*Choir*) As from the Tribes the sounds of strife
Strike harshly on my ear,
I watch with holy fear
While Fate demands some human life.

Ah ! ah ! the trait'rous blood must flow—

In my prophetic eye it streams—

The traitor into exile go—

Thus Hope once more upon me gleams. '

Then hear, O hapless Land ! the voice of Fate,

And piously obey ;

This is the destined day

Relief shall bring to thy distracted state.

The Bard presiding, then, *unsheathed* the sword—

The *covered* heads of all approved his word,

As with loud voice—the victims three times named—

He waved it up on high, and thus proclaimed :

“ The knife already yearns for BERTHA's heart,

“ And HENLLYWARC from all his kind must part.”

LIBERTY AND THE BIBLE.

Is not the Bible to be highly prized ?

Great charter of our souls' high destiny ;

The source and safeguard whence is realized

Our "civil and religious liberty"—

The liberty exalts our envied Isle,

And "makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
smile."

II.

O, how unlike Madeira's Isle, to thee !

Basking in nature's most delicious climes ;

Where the Atlantic tempers his wild sea,

And genial seasons circle through all times ;

No icy winter mocks the lab'rer's toil,

Nor summer's burning heats dry up the fertile soil.

III.

In youthful vigour blooms perennial Spring,

Joyous with fruits, and flow'rs, and music to the ear ;

Whilst bounteous Autumn does his produce bring,

Unwearied, thro' the long-revolving year !

Scant tillage from her sons would well suffice

To make their happy home an earthly paradise :

IV.

But of all nature's lavish gifts, what boot ?

Of flow'ry hedges, and of scented meads,
Of mountains teeming with spontaneous fruit ?

A higher boon, the Bible, still she needs :
Her spirit withers, scorched by Pop'ry's blight,
And yearns in vain for truth and freedom's hallowed
light.

V.

Speak ye, who lately felt the Papal curse—

Or yet *do* feel, for 'tis no ancient tale—
Cut off from all your kind, and, what is worse,
From all your rights within the social pale ;
Speak ye, who groan beneath the fell decree,
Does an *Arch-druid* fill the Roman Bishop's See ?

VI.

And for what crime ? The Bible you had read ?

God's word from error had your souls released ?
This *heinous sin* drew down upon your head

The *Pagan sentencee of a Christian Priest !*

O my loved Country ! would to God, like thee
That both Madeira's Isle and all the world were free !

SACRIFICE OF BERTHA.

Meanwhile, fair BERTHA in the tent reclined
Upon her turf-clad couch, and with sad mind
Pondered upon those happy childhood days,
When all her Father's household sung her praise ;
On all those fond endearments of "sweet home,"
We meet no more as through life's course we roam ;
And long she thought upon the festive day,
When love for HENLLYWARC bore her away ;
How they had lived, unto this fatal hour,
Obedient to Affection's gentle pow'r ;
And still *would* live—when, lo ! with sudden start
Her eddying blood rushed back upon her heart ;
And, pale as death, she saw—yet undismayed—
Two priests before her stand, in robes arrayed
Spotted with blood—no word they spoke—nor knew
she how

They fixed an oaken chaplet round her brow ;
And with a band of ozier, twisted round,
Down to her sides her tap'ring arms they bound.

* * * The gazing throng in silence stood aghast,
As from the tent the ox-drawn waggon passed,
Traversed the sacred precincts till at last,
With the fair form to vengeance it conveyed,
Before the central altar it was stayed.

There stood the great Arch-druid, robed in white,
Known by a gold "tiara," dazzling bright ;
Among the inferior priests around him stood
A "cornan" marked the *officer of blood* ;²²
In his right hand he raised the sacred knife,
Glist'ning in the high sun, and keen for life ;
And in the beauteous bosom—Oh ! how fair !—
Down to the waist to brutal gaze now bare,—
He quickly plunged it with remorseless stroke,
And with exalted voice thus briefly spoke :

"Great God of life ! who rul'st the starry skies,
As thus thy victim on the altar dies,

“ By the pure streaming blood deign to reveal

“ *My future destiny of woe or weal !* ”

HENLLYWARC.

Strive not, my Muse—thy utmost pow’r is nought—

To tell how curelessly this sentence smote

The heart of HENLLYWARC, when, echoing shrill,

A herald’s voice proclaimed from hill to hill—

“ CYMRY’S false prince is banished ; and the knife

“ Now drains the springs of trait’rous BERTHA’S life.”

Though Time heals all things, even now he seems—

When sleep the senses and the spirit dreams—

With agony convulsed : ’tis mem’ry’s part

To torture thus the deeply wounded heart !

But see—with rev’rence see—yon aged form

Benevolently coming to allay the storm :

Of aspect mild, yet forehead boldly drawn,

Seat of deep thought ; his grey hairs flowing down

Upon his bending shoulders ;—such was he,

In Patmos read the roll of Destiny !

As he draws nearer, HENLLYWARC awakes,—
Or thinks he wakes,—and his long silence breaks :
“ O rev’rend man, if man, indeed, thou art,
“ Thou wilt not glory o’er a broken heart :
“ My mis’ry hath not met a face benign,
“ And to itself responsive, as is thine ;
“ Its with’ring tale, begun upon this spot,
“ Through ten long years hath human ear heard not ;
“ Now, at the last, embold’ning even me,
“ Hope bids me say, I find a friend in thee !
“ The sun’s too ardent rays thou may’st have seen
“ Dry up the gushing well—the grass, once green,
“ Turn pale and wither—trees, once strong and sound,
“ Mere hollow trunks encumb’ring the ground,
“ Struck by the storm, or if the severed roots
“ No longer fed the wide o’erspreading shoots—
“ Whate’er thou may’st have seen of ruin—all
“ Were vain to tell the greatness of my fall—
“ All nature’s wreck could ill depict the grief,
“ Preys on itself, nor dares to ask relief !

“ But tell me, who, and what, thou art—I feel

“ ’Tis thine to end my sorrows, or to heal.”

BRAN FENDIGAID.

“ Thy tale of sorrow I have heard with pain,

“ Yet hope its end may be thy future gain ;

“ Thy fate I knew”—replied BRAN FENDIGAID,²³

For he it was, “ and long bewailed the dead ;

“ For, save alone CARACDOC’s grief,—and, next to thee,

“ Her sentence fell most heavily on me.

“ I loved her much—ev’n from her earliest days

“ I marked the dawnings of that virtuous praise

“ She after won from all. O lovely child !

“ So truly noble ; gentle, yet, and mild !

“ How did thy artless prattle oft beguile

“ My woe, and make me, sick at heart, oft smile,

“ When, lost in my own thoughts’ entangled maze,

“ It roused me from despair’s unconscious gaze !

“ Still with delight I trained thy growing mind

“ In the best wisdom I myself could find :

“That wisdom, ah ! how dark ! ’twas as the night
“O’ercast with clouds, save where the twinkling light
“Of a few stars gleams out, uncertain guide
“To that great Good, fills up the eternal void
“Of man’s immortal longings, and can bless
“With peace ineffable, and happiness !

“Vile arts ! that, in these senseless orbs, pretend
“To read man’s guidance, or his destined end !
“Tokens of Pow’r Almighty, as they roll,
“They have no language for the sinful soul,
“Cast down in its unworthiness, nor knows
“God’s boundless love,—sole solace of its woes,
“For ages hid from men, but now revealed,
“And ever changeless, with his own blood sealed.

“O hapless victim of a hellish rite !
“Would thou hadst lived to see the gracious light,
“In all its fulness, shining ‘from the sea,’
“Spread forth—then death had been no death to thee ;
“And I had hoped, when my few days were o’er,
“In Heav’n to meet thee, there to part no more ;—

“ Where Angels sing the triumphs of the Blest ;
“ The wicked are not, and the weary rest”—
“ And yet *do* hope—In GOD’s mysterious ways
“ Not always light withholden fails of praise ;
“ Supremely just, sole Author of our lot,
“ *He oft the spirit owns that knows him not :*
“ Yet happier far, who, in life’s evil day,
“ *Know* Him their Friend, their Father, their sure Stay !
“ O HENLLYWARC ! from thy long-suffered woes,
“ ’Tis here thy weary heart must seek repose ;
“ Complain no more that thou art “ born to die”—
“ Disowned by man, and doomed to misery :
“ To holy CYNDAR, whom I send, ’tis giv’n
“ To guide thy mind in all the will of Heav’n ;
“ To his lone cell with joyful steps repair ;
“ There live awhile in study and in prayer ;
“ And when AGRICOLA’s victorious band
“ Has peace restored to our distracted land ;
“ And strong in Roman arts—thy troubles o’er—²⁴
“ When CYMRY’s sons shall hail thee king once more ;

“Then be it thine to spread CHRIST’s glorious Name—
“Quench with HIS LIGHT the Druids’ MAGIC FLAME!”

He ceased—and HENLLYWARC renewed his sight,
And looked amazed upon the morning light.

DERWENTWATER, &c.

It is not, Derwent, that thy waters spread
Their blue expanse symmetric in extent,
Nor that the circling fringes of thy bed
Are so bedecked with faultless ornament ;
'Tis not thy tow’ring Skiddaw’s placid mien,
Thy Walla Crag, thy wood-clad heights and vale,
Thy smiling Isles, thy ev’ry shade of green ;
Backed by the rock-fed gorge of Borrowdale :
It is the *union* of these peerless charms
Allures all Nature’s lovers to thine arms.

II.

Thy younger Sister, yet, do not despise,
Nor toss thy head with supercilious air ;

From Greta, more, her larger waters rise,
And Bassenthwaite has beauties, tho' less rare ;
See at her sides ascend yon dizzy height
And Wythop's fir-clad slopes ! Her fertile fields
With welcome burden greet the farmer's sight ;
Whilst at her feet the op'ning valley yields
A freer transit, as she flows along,
Soon to be mingled with the world's great throng.

III.

Nor be thou boastful o'er thy Cousins twin—
The Lakes of Crummock and of Buttermere—
Their out-spread beauties leave not much unseen ?
Full to the glancing eye their charms appear ?
Yet, see yon mountains' angled tops, and sides
Of verdant turf steep-stretching to their base ;
The down-right, deep-rent ravine that divides
Yew-crags and Honister—tremendous place !
And see, still more, to compensate for all
Defects, their celebrated Waterfall !

A moment let me pause, to drop a tear

O'er poor JOHN RIGG, who here a victim fell
To the wind's "*cracking blast.*" Yon *path of fear*
Descending from his daily toil, they tell,

Above all sad mishaps that hover round
The quarrier's life, he, with two sons, perceived
"*The signs*"—down flat they lay upon the ground—
When, with a violence not to be believed,
Him, from the midst, the wind raised like a shred,
And far adown the valley left him dead !

IV.

Nor let thy neighbour Wastwater's plain dress

Thy vanity excite : 'tis true she dwells
Amid great solitude and barrenness—

Yet tow'ring, see, yon high o'erhanging Fells,
Guarding, with Scawfell's sloping sides, her head ;
She has, besides, her steep *un-resting* Screes,
Shelving sheer down into her *soundless bed* ;

Whilst her strait feet, hid by yon dense dark trees,
The red Irt leads, through woods and fertile lands,
To meet her *Sisters on the tide-washed sands.

V.

No vain or boastful feelings now I fear,
As, borne on Fancy's airy wing, I soar
Along the banks of lovely Windermere,
And trace the windings of her graceful shore ;
Her wooded undulating knolls admire,
Her glittering waters, celebrated Isles,
And charms still sure to kindle Nature's fire—
Yet be not jealous of her witching smiles ;
If thee I deem less delicate than her,
I own thy features have more character !

VI.

But doubtless, Derwent, times are greatly changed
Since HENLLYWARC stood musing on thy shore ;

* The Esk and Mite.

Among thy Islets with ST. CYNDAF ranged,
Imbibing wisdom from *his* Christian lore ;
And finding, in thy undisturbed retreat,
Sure resting-place from long-remembered woes,
In CHRIST'S great priceless Sacrifice complete,
From nature's dark misgivings, calm repose :
O, times are changed ! since CYNDAF saw him smile
On what, ere long, became ST. HERBERT'S Isle.

VII.

No smiling meadows o'er thy valley spread,
Yielding rich harvests of the fragrant hay ;
Nor, simply neat, did human dwellings shed
The sun's bright radiance to the summer-day ;
No hand of man yet tilled thy desert soil,
Or lent its sturdy strength in nature's aid,
The task discharging of relentless toil,
Primeval curse on Earth's transgression laid :
O, times are changed ! since HENLLYWARC'S sad mood
Found sympathy in thy wild solitude !

VIII.

And what was Keswick in those by-gone days,
The centre, now, of far outspreading bounds ;
And, spite of all its sad self-wrangling ways,
Dear, lovely spot, whose fame the world resounds ?
Of a few scattered huts, perchance, the site,
Abodes of men yclad with skins of beasts,
Who bore their Coracles, frail boats and light,
To add thy fishes to their simple feasts :
O, times are changed ! since HENLLYWARC here stood,
And gazed in silence on thy rising flood.

IX.

Yon countless pleasure-boats, moored to thy feet,
Or on thy bosom borne with graceful ease,
No crowds of tourists sought, in Summer's heat,
To fan their foreheads with thy gentle breeze ;
Nor did thy rocks and rock-fed trees combined,
Thy Waterfall, in foaming torrents tossed,
Light up the ardour of the gen'ral mind,

And fix the soul, in mute amazement lost :
O, times are changed ! since CYMRŶ's exiled king
To thy retirement did his sorrows bring.

X.

Yes—times are changed ! yet still the same GOD's ways,
And laws stamped on his Works. The sun is seen
To gild thy waters with his glorious rays,
And clothe thy woods and meads in robes of green ;
And the pale moon still sheds her silv'ry beams
Adown the channels of thy mountains' sides,
Crowning thy heights with glitt'ring diadems,
With light and shade thrown round thy restless tides ;
As on the night when HENLLYWARC stood here,
And poured his thoughts in CYNDAF's willing ear :

“ O holy Father ! words can ill express
“ Thy benefits to me. How comfortless
“ I sought this lonely Islet !—when my breast,
“ Tossed with unceasing tumult, knew no rest ;

“ As, from the mountains when the wind sweeps o’er

“ The Lake, its restless waters lash the shore—

“ Or when, self-agitated, nor a breath

“ Is felt around, and all is still as death,

“ In its own bosom hid some demon heaves

“ It from its lowest depths in trembling waves!

“ But thou rememberest how the setting sun,

“ In summer time,—his long day’s circuit run,—

“ Between the sloping hills in lengthened gleams

“ Our valley gilds with his departing beams ;

“ When the glad woods put on their loveliest green,

“ The rocks shine joy, and peace smiles o’er the scene—

“ The western clouds, in piles of fireless blaze,

“ Waiting, meanwhile, his coming :—As his rays

“ Lie on the glassy deep, serenely bright,

“ So my calm soul now sheds thy HEAV’NLY LIGHT !”

END OF THE POEM.

NOTES.

1. " Unhappy he, who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone,
Amid this world of death."—*Thomson*.

2. " The *Liath Meisiceth*, called the magical stone of speculation," contained "in the centre, a lens of polished rock-crystal : this was evidently used as a burning-lens, when the priests wished it to be believed that they brought fire from heaven." —*Gleig*.

3. " For the more convenient and effectual accomplishment of its designs, the institution (*Bardism*) was divided into three orders:—The Bards,* the Druids,† and the *Ovates*,‡ and to

* The literal meaning of the word *Bardd*, the Welsh of *Bard*, is *one that maketh conspicuous*; and the idea intended to be conveyed is, a teacher, a philosopher, and its import is well defined in Mason's epithet—'master of wisdom !'

† Wallace, *Derwydd*. "The word implies one set before, or in presence."

‡ " In Welsh *Orydd*, one who is initiated into first principles or elements."

each of these were attached particular pursuits and functions. The Bardic was the fundamental and predominant class, or that into which all the disciples were initiated in the first instance. On being admitted into this, they assumed one or the other as their inclination or qualification directed them. To this primary order belonged the perpetuation of the privileges and customs of the system. The Druids were such of the members as devoted themselves peculiarly to the exercise of religious duties. The Ovate was an honorary degree, apparently intended to create a power capable of acting on emergencies, on a plan different from the regular mode of proceeding; as well as of bringing within the system such kind of knowledge as was unknown or foreign to the original institution. To this order appertained more particularly the study of the arts and sciences, and candidates could be admitted on being acquainted with these, without being obliged to pass through the regular discipline."

"The three orders had their respective uni-coloured costumes, emblematical of their several offices. The privileged Bard wore a skyblue robe, indicative of peace, of which he was professedly the advocate and herald. The dress of the Druid was white, as a mark of purity and holiness. And the Ovate wore green, the symbol of nature, the mysteries of which he particularly studied. The disciples, who were called Awenyddion, wore a varigated dress of the three colours—blue, white, and green."—*Ecclesiastical Antiquities of the Cymry*, by the Rev. John Williams, M.A.

"This wonderful order of men, who were, at once, the instructors, the rulers, and the priests of the ancient Britons, were divided into three classes, according to the different

functions which they had, principally, to perform. The first class, who were called Beirdd (bards) were poets, genealogists, and historians: the second class, who were called Ofyddion (Ovates, philosophers) were physicians, magicians, and musicians: and the third class, who were called Derwyddon (Druids,) by way of eminence, were priests, theologians, and moralists."—*History of Furness and Furness Abbey*, by Francis Evans.

4. "These circles," says Evans (speaking of the remains of two concentric "circles of stones, placed upright, and some of them standing more than three feet above the surface, on the eastern side of Birkrigg," in Lancashire) "appear to have been a Druidical Temple in which the sun and moon were worshipped, and in which the solar theology was taught to the initiated: it being the invariable practice of the ancient druids to perform all their devotions and to impart all their instructions in the face of the sun, and 'in the eye of light,' within enclosures of rude, unchiseled stones, *scientifically* arranged. The twelve stones of the inner circle represented the twelve signs of the zodiac; and the nineteen stones of the outer, represented the years contained in the cycle of the moon."—*Evans*.

5. "The consecrated groves in which they performed their religious rites, were fenced round with stones, to prevent any person's entering between the trees, except through the passages left open for that purpose, and which were guarded by some inferior druids, to prevent any stranger from intruding into their mysteries. The area in the centre of the grove was encompassed with several rows of large oaks set very close

together. Within this large circle were several smaller ones surrounded with large stones; and near the centre of these smaller circles were stones of a prodigious size and convenient height, on which the victims were slain and offered."—*Enc. Brit.*

6. "They studied medicine and the virtues of plants, of which the *mistletoe* was their chief specific, and they held nothing so sacred as the mistletoe of the oak, which, being very scarce, they gathered with great pomp and ceremony on a certain day appointed for their greatest festival"—"about the tenth of March, their new year's-day."—*Hist. of Cumb. and West.*; and *Evans' Hist. of Fur.*

7. "On account of the great influence which they had over the minds of the people, the druids were much hated by the Romans, and were cruelly destroyed by Suetonius Paulinus, in the isle of Anglesea (Mona,) which was their head quarter, in consequence of its being the seat of the Arch-druid. The few, who escaped to Ireland and Scotland, soon disappeared."—*Evans*, p. 55. In the Poem, it has been supposed that, on this occasion, some of the druids escaped to the mountains of Cumberland, which, its proximity to Anglesea, and the short passage thence by sea, render not improbable.

8. "The triads of the isle of Britain, as they are called, are some of the most curious and valuable fragments preserved in the Welsh language."—*Ecc. Ant.*

"Illi rebus divinis intersunt, sacrificia publica ac privata procurant, religiones interpretantur. Ad hos magnus adolescen-

tium numerus disciplinæ causâ concurrir, magnoque ii sunt apud eos honore. Nam fere de omnibus controversiis publicis privatisque constituent; et si quid est admissum facinus, si cædes facta, si de hæreditate, de finibus controversia est, iidem decernunt; præmia pœnasque constituunt. Si quis privatus aut publicus eorum decreto non steterit, sacrificiis interdicunt. *Hæc pœna apud eos est gravissima.* Quibus ita est interdictum, in numero *impiorum*, ac *sceleratorum* habentur; iis omnes decedunt, aditum eorum sermonemque defugiunt, ne quid ex contagione incommodi accipiant: neque iis petentibus jus redditur, neque honos ullus communicatur.*—*Cæs. Com.*

“The principal points in theology, which they taught, were the pervading presence of the Supreme Being by means of fire, the immortality of the soul, and the progress of man through three stages or spheres of existence, viz.:—inchoation, progression, and consummation; the two former of which are

* “The former (the Druids) are engaged in things sacred, conduct the public and private sacrifices, and interpret all matters of religion. To these a large number of young men resort for the purpose of instruction, and they (the Druids) are in great honour among them. For they determine respecting almost all controversies, public and private, and if any crime is perpetrated, if murder has been committed, if there be any dispute about an inheritance, any about boundaries, these same persons decide it. They decree rewards and punishments. If any one, either in a public or private capacity, has not submitted to their decree, they interdict him from their sacrifices. *This among them is the most heavy punishment.* Those who have been so interdicted are esteemed in the number of the *impious* and the *criminal*: all shun them, and avoid their society and conversation, lest they receive some evil from the contact; nor is justice administered to them when seeking it, nor is any dignity bestowed upon them.”—*Translation in Bohn's Class. Lib.*

limited to this life, and the third is to be enjoyed in the next. These speculative points they communicated only to the *initiated*, under the most solemn promise of secrecy. To the *uninitiated*, they communicated only ethical rules, by means of triads, songs, traditions, and fables.”—*Evans*.

“Man, attaching himself to evil, falls in death into such an animal state of existence as corresponds with the turpitude of his soul. From this state he again rises higher and higher in the scale of existence, until he arrives at the state of humanity, from whence he may again fall. Thus let him fall ever so often, he again returns, as the same road to happiness lies open to him, and will until he shall have no more need of it. Sooner or later he will infallibly arrive at his destined station of happiness, whence he never falls. Eternal misery is in itself impossible; it is inconsistent with the attributes of God, who is all-perfect benevolence.”—*Ecc. Ant.*

10. “After the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself a sacrifice to the idol. He laid himself in the road before the tower, as it was moving along, lying on his face, with his arms stretched forward. The multitude passed round him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower. The throne of the idol was placed on a stupendous car or tower, about 60 feet in height, resting on wheels which indented the ground deeply, as they turned slowly under the ponderous machine.”—*Hist. of the Hindoos*.

11. See note 1.

12. “Cymru, then,” (about the time of the Roman invasion,)

“comprehended the south of Scotland, the northern parts of England, Wales, and Cornwall, and parts of the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, and the whole of Cheshire and Lancashire.”—*Ecc. Ant.*

“Cumberland was so named from its inhabitants—the true and genuine Britons, who called themselves Kimbri, or Kumbri, and posted themselves here in great numbers, to resist the attacks of their treacherous allies, the Saxons” . . . who, having assisted them in repelling the Picts and Scots, “turned their weapons against the Britons, who made an obstinate resistance, which continued for more than a century. During this bloody contest, twelve battles were fought by the Britons, under their renowned King Arthur, besides several others under Vortimer.” . . . “Though Cumberland was claimed by the Northumbrian monarchs, it was governed by its own king or chieftain, till the Norman Conquest, and existed under what was called the Danish law.”—*Hist. of Cumb.*

“Long after the departure of the Romans, and the invasion of the Saxons, the Britons in Furness being defended by their æstuaries, lakes, and mountains, maintained their independence as part of the British State of Cumbria.”—*Evans.*

“Thus has been given a faithful description, the minuteness of which the reader will pardon, of the face of the country as it was, and had been through centuries, till within the last 60 years. Toward the head of these dales was found a perfect republic of shepherds and agriculturists, among whom the plough of each man was confined to the maintenance of his own family, or the accommodation of his neighbour. Two or three cows furnished each family with milk and cheese. The chapel was the only edifice that presided over these dwellings,

the supreme head of this pure Commonwealth ; the members of which existed in the midst of a powerful empire, like an ideal society or an organized community, whose *constitution had been imposed and regulated by the mountains which protected it*. Neither high-born nobleman, knight, or esquire, was here ; but many of these humble sons of the hills had a consciousness that the land, which they walked over and tilled, had for more than five hundred years been possessed by men of their name and blood ; and venerable was the transition, when a curious traveller, descending from the heart of the mountains, had come to some ancient manorial residence in the more open parts of the vales, which, through the rights attached to its proprietor, connected the almost visionary mountain republic he had been contemplating with the substantial frame of society as existing in the laws and constitution of a mighty empire.”—*Wordsworth's Guide*.

13. “ But it was to Cneius Julius Agricola, the father-in-law of the historian Tacitus, that Rome owed her most extensive and permanent conquests over Britain. That illustrious chief, after a *second time reducing Anglesea*, led his forces towards the north.”—*Gleig*.

14. “ The ancient British laws were founded on the custom of the country, and were enacted in a convention of the several states. These states were governed by their respective chiefs, who were nevertheless subordinate to the supreme monarch. His exclusive authority seems to have consisted in the power of confirming laws, of levying the whole force of the kingdom in the case of invasion, and punishing the Reguli for any

infraction of the general ordinances. The sovereignty was hereditary and confined to the race of the Cymry. Sometimes, however, in cases of emergency, the different States conventionally elected a sovereign, who possessed the requisite qualifications for meeting the public danger; and such a general, at the head of the combined forces, they styled Pendragon."* *Ecc. Ant.*

15. "In the midst of his successes information reached him (Paulinus) that the country in his rear had revolted, and he was compelled to march back with all haste, in order to meet and repress the movement."†—*Gleig.*

16. "Human sacrifices were, on great occasions, freely offered, in order that they (the druids) might judge of events to come, from the appearance of the victim's blood, as it flowed from the wound which the consecrated knife inflicted."—*Gleig.*

"In their civil government, capital offenders were sentenced to death, and publicly sacrificed on the altars of their temples, in the most awful and solemn manner."‡—*Hist. of Cumb.*

* *Olim regibus parebant, nunc per principes factionibus et studiis trahuntur: . . . rarus duabus tribusve civitatibus, ad propulsandum commune periculum conventus: ita dum singuli pugnant, universi vincuntur.*—*Tac. Agric.*,

† "Suctonius hinc Paulinus biennio prosperas res habuit, subactis nationibus, firmisque praesidiis: quorum fiducia Monam insulam, ut vires rebellibus minissem, adgressus, terga occasioni patefecit. Namque absentia legati remoto metu, Britannii agitare inter se mala serritutis, conferre injurias, et interpretando accendere."—*Tac. Agric.*

‡ *Natio est omnis Gallorum admodum dedita superstitioni atqueibus,*

As in those parts of the Poem in which allusion is made to the religious doctrines and practices of the Druids, the authority of Cæsar, in his description of the Druidism of Gaul, has been principally followed, it may be proper in this place to notice an objection advanced against this authority by Mr. Williams in his "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of the Cymry." He says (page 38), "some of the Greek and Latin writers give the Druids credit for deep and extensive acquaintance with the arts and sciences, but they paint their religion for the most part in dark and horrid colours. In anticipation of an objection which this circumstance will naturally raise, we beg to remind our readers that the remarks of the classical authors are almost exclusively confined to that form which prevailed on the continent. The extent of his conquests would afford to Julius Cæsar, more perhaps than to any of the other writers, opportunities of making himself acquainted with the character and customs of Druidism, hence he is considered by far the best authority on the subject. His statement as to the origin of the Gallic and British systems, and the practice adopted by some of the youths of Gaul, in his time, of coming

ob eam causam, qui sunt affecti gravioribus morbis, quique in præliis periculisque versantur, aut *pro victimis homines immolent*, aut se immolatu-
 ros vovent, *administrisque* ad ea sacrificia *Druidibus* utuntur, quod pro vitâ hominis, nisi vita hominis reddatur, non posse aliter Deorum immortalium numen placari arbitrantur publicique ejusdem generis habent instituta sacrificia."—*Cæs. Com.*

. . . "si quando aliquo metu adducti, deos placandos esse arbitrantur, *humanis hestis* eorum aras ac templa funestant."—*Cic. in or : pro Fomero.*

"Druidarum religionem apud Gallos *diræ immanitatis*, et tantum eivibus sub Augusto interdictam, penitus abolevit."—*Suet. Claud.*

over into Britain for the purpose of being educated in the maxims of the institution, has led modern historians in general to consider his gloomy description of the continental religion as equally applicable to British Druidism. But has it been duly considered that his testimony necessarily makes a difference between the two branches? ‘*Disciplina in Britannia reperta, atque in Galliam translata esse existimatur; et nunc, qui diligentius eam rem cognoscere volunt, plerumque illo discendi causa, proficiscuntur!*’* It is evident from these words, not only that the parent institution was more perfect in matters of detail, but that the Gallic system was even destitute of fundamental and fixed principles. It placed no confidence in its own regulations. It possessed not in itself the seed of propagation. The institutional Triads of the British Bards are in perfect accordance with this view of the subject.”

Now, surely, the language of Cæsar, in the passage Mr. Williams here quotes, does not warrant any such sweeping inference as he has deduced from it. Is it not much more probable to suppose, that, as one of the leading and fundamental maxims of Druidism, was, “*Believe nothing without examination, but where reason and evidence will warrant the conclusion, believe everything; and let prejudice be unknown. Search for truth on all occasions, and espouse it in opposition to the world,*”—the system of Bardism would necessarily, from time to time, undergo alteration or modification, receiving improvement (so called) corresponding with its progress in the

* This institution is supposed to have been devised in Britain, and to have been brought over from it into Gaul; and now, those who desire to gain a more accurate knowledge of that system generally proceed thither for the purpose of studying it.”—*Bohn's Class. Lib.*

discovery of Truth? and that, on this account, the Druids in Gaul would naturally resort to the parent institution, in order to ascertain the *nature and extent* of these modifications and improvements? And if this were the case, Gallic Druidism, at any given period, would rarely, if ever, be materially different from the doctrines and practices of the British Druids. For the same reason it must be allowed that, what is recorded of Druidism, at one time, can be no sufficient testimony in itself as to what its doctrine and practice might have been at any former period. For, as Mr. Williams himself observes (p. 46), “It is historically proved that the ‘*Christian Bards* practically *abandoned or reformed* what appeared to be inimical to, or inconsistent with, the profession of the Gospel,’ so it would likewise be, in times *preceding* Christianity; and the Druids would “adhere to, or *depart from* their original traditions according to the evidence that might be acquired from time to time in their search after truth.” The subject, therefore, resolves itself into a question of fact, depending upon contemporary testimony—namely—whether, limiting the inquiry to the period to which Cæsar’s description applies, of Druidism in Gaul, any other testimony can be adduced, or exists, which is at variance with what he has recorded.

17. “A druid was required to be resident in every district, to give moral and religious instruction in the convention of the Bards, in the palace, in the place of worship, *and in every family*, in which he had full privilege.”—*Ecc. Ant.*

18 “The Druids performed their religious rites within circles of unwrought stone, in the most public and convenient situa-

tions. Their worship seems to have consisted chiefly of sacrifices and prayer, whilst the people observed strict silence. On these occasions the people were summoned together by the *blowing of a horn.*"—*Ecc. Ant.*

19. "Besides the celebration of divine worship, there were held within the said enclosures, regular conventions, for the purpose of maintaining, preserving and giving sound instruction in religion, science, and morality. These assemblies were held at the two solstices, and equinoxes."

"The ceremony observed at the opening of a meeting (or Gorsedd) was the sheathing of a sword upon the central stone, at which all the presiding Bards assisted, and this was accompanied by a short and pertinent address, commencing and concluding with this motto, '*Truth against the world.*' The meeting was closed by taking up, but not unsheathing, the sword, with a few words on the occasion. The bards at these conventions always appeared bareheaded and barefooted, in their uni-coloured robes." In case, however, of any sentence of guilt being pronounced, "they departed from the usual mode of closing a convention, for they *covered* their heads, and one of them *unsheathed* the sword, and held it on high, and having named the guilty person aloud three times, proclaimed 'The sword is naked against him.'—*Ecc. Ant.*

20. "The druids were ignicolists, or fire-worshippers, and bore a strong resemblance to the Persian Magi. Among the multiplicity of their deities, their chief object of worship was the sun, which they regarded as a visible emblem of the invisible Power, that communicated heat, light, and life to the

universe through the medium of fire. They had no statues of any of their deities. Their temples, which were circular and roofless, exposed to the genial beams of the sun, stood on hills, or in the heart of the thickest groves, surrounded, according to Lucan, with a moat. The sacrifices which they offered were commonly oxen, sheep, calves, goats, or some other valuable animals, of which they always selected the best. On extraordinary occasions—such as before or after a war, in a time of public sickness, or when some great man was ill—they offered human victims. When human sacrifices were offered, they put the victims in a huge wicker-work colossus, surrounded it with fagots and hay, and reduced it to ashes. When other sacrifices were offered they first put their hands on the victims, in which posture they presented the prayers of the people, and then divided the victim into three parts, of which the sacred fire took one; the priest, a second; and the sacrificer and his friends, the remainder. Before worship they went thrice round the altar. During worship they sang hymns, accompanied with music, in praise of the sun. On sacred occasions the officiating priests were always garlanded with oak leaves. The oak was in very great estimation among them. In groves of oaks they generally resided; without some branches or leaves of the oak, they never performed any of their ceremonies; and whatever grew upon the same tree, especially the mistletoe, was regarded by them as most sacred, and worshipped as a thing sent unto them from heaven. From the circumstance of the oak being so great in their estimation, they were probably called *Derwyddon* (Druids), from the British *Derw*, oaks. . . . Though the Druids divided the time into weeks, yet they do not seem to have observed a sabbath. They

held a lunar religious feast, which began, according to Pliny, in the sixth of every new moon. They had at least four annual feasts, one of which was about the 10th of March, their new year's day; a second was on the 1st of May, when fires were lighted in all the high places, in honour of the sun; a third was on Midsummer day, which was also sacred to the sun; and another was on the 1st of November, which was a feast of thanksgiving for the summer and harvest."—*Evans*.

With this account of the Druidical worship may be compared the following description of the practice of the Brahmins in Hindoostan:—"To this great luminary (the sun), or, perhaps, to the god who was supposed to preside over it and to have his dwelling therein, is addressed the Gâyatri, or 'holiest text' of the Vedas—"Let us meditate on the adorable light of the divine ruler; may it guide our intellects!"

According to another sacred book, which appears to have been regarded by Sir William Jones as explanatory of the Gâyatri, the prayer contained in this holiest text is not addressed to the sun but to the Deity:—"What the sun and light are to this visible world, that are the supreme good and truth to the intellectual and invisible universe: and as our corporeal eyes have a distinct perception of objects enlightened by the sun, thus our souls acquire certain knowledge, by meditating upon the light of truth, which emanates from the Being of Beings: that is the light by which our minds can alone be directed in the path of rectitude."—*History of the Hindoos*,

21. "Not to touch or hold communication with those who are excommunicated by the curse of Almighty God, and of the blessed St. Peter and St. Paul, with those of Sodom and Gomorrah, Dathan and Abiram, whom the earth swallowed

alive for their great sins and disobedience. Let none give them fire, water, bread, or any other thing that may be necessary to them for their support. Let none pay them their debts. Let none support them in any cause which they may bring judicially. Let them be put aside as rotten and excommunicated members, separated from the bosom and union of the Holy Mother Catholic Church, and as rebels and contumacious." Extract from "the sentence of excommunication delivered upon Francisco Pires Soares, and Nicolau Tolentino Vieyra, in the island of Madeira, 27th April, 1853."—*Life of the Rev. W. H. Hewitson, by the Rev. John Bailie.*

22. "Tiara, ornament for the head of the chief of the druids." "Cornan, crescent, a sacred symbol carried by the officiating druid during the first quarter of the moon."—*Gleig.*

23. "As early as A.D. 60, was the Gospel introduced into Britain through the instrumentality of Bran Fendigaid (Bran the Blessed), who had been converted to the Christian faith, whilst a prisoner at Rome; and who, upon his release, had engaged Ilid, Cyndaf, and Arwystli Hen, three men eminent for their piety and rank, to accompany him to Britain, for the purpose of instructing his countrymen in the truths of Christianity."—*Evans.*

24. "Wherever he (Agricola) went, he laboured to introduce among the natives a taste for the refinements of civilized life."—*Gleig.**

* "Jam verò principum filios liberalibus artibus erudire."—*Tac. Agric.*

T O S L E E P .

Sweet sleep ! enfold me in thy soft embraces,
And on thy bosom lay my aching head ;
Obliterate, awhile, fell Care's deep traces,
And o'er my restless brain thy opiates spread ;
Ah ! why, night after night, forsake my bed ;
Nor, for the least of Time's divided spaces,
Deign to bestow thy life-renewing graces !

II.

In times gone by, my suit, I own, was colder,
The claims of knowledge, oft, from choice preferred ;
Thy rival charms I slighted, then far bolder
To hazard health for favours she conferred :
Is it for this my wooing is unheard ;
Urged late, though most sincerely, when grown older,
I feel my shattered health much needs thy soldier ?

III.

The ancient Sage, who bade his youthful students
Revolve their daily doings three times o'er,

If they would act life's varied part with prudence,
Ere they invoked thy all-oblivious pow'r ;
Ev'n He would plead my cause. O, flee no more—
Embrace me as thou dost thy dear-beloved ones,
While round us dance thy most grotesque illudents !

O N P R I D E.

Were Pride once banished from this earthly life,
One half our woes would follow in its train ;
Peace would diffuse its joys o'er War's fell strife,
And Pleasure dwell among the haunts of Pain ;
The feuds of neighbourhood would have brief reign,
With all the evils that are now so rife ;
No longer would the Public Weal be rent,
Our States by Faction—Churches by Dissent.

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